

# THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

REGISTERED AS A NEWSPAPER FOR TRANSMISSION IN THE UNITED KINGDOM, AND TO CANADA AND NEWFOUNDLAND BY MAGAZINE POST.

No. 4084 VOL CLI

SATURDAY, JULY 28, 1917.

SEVENPENCE.

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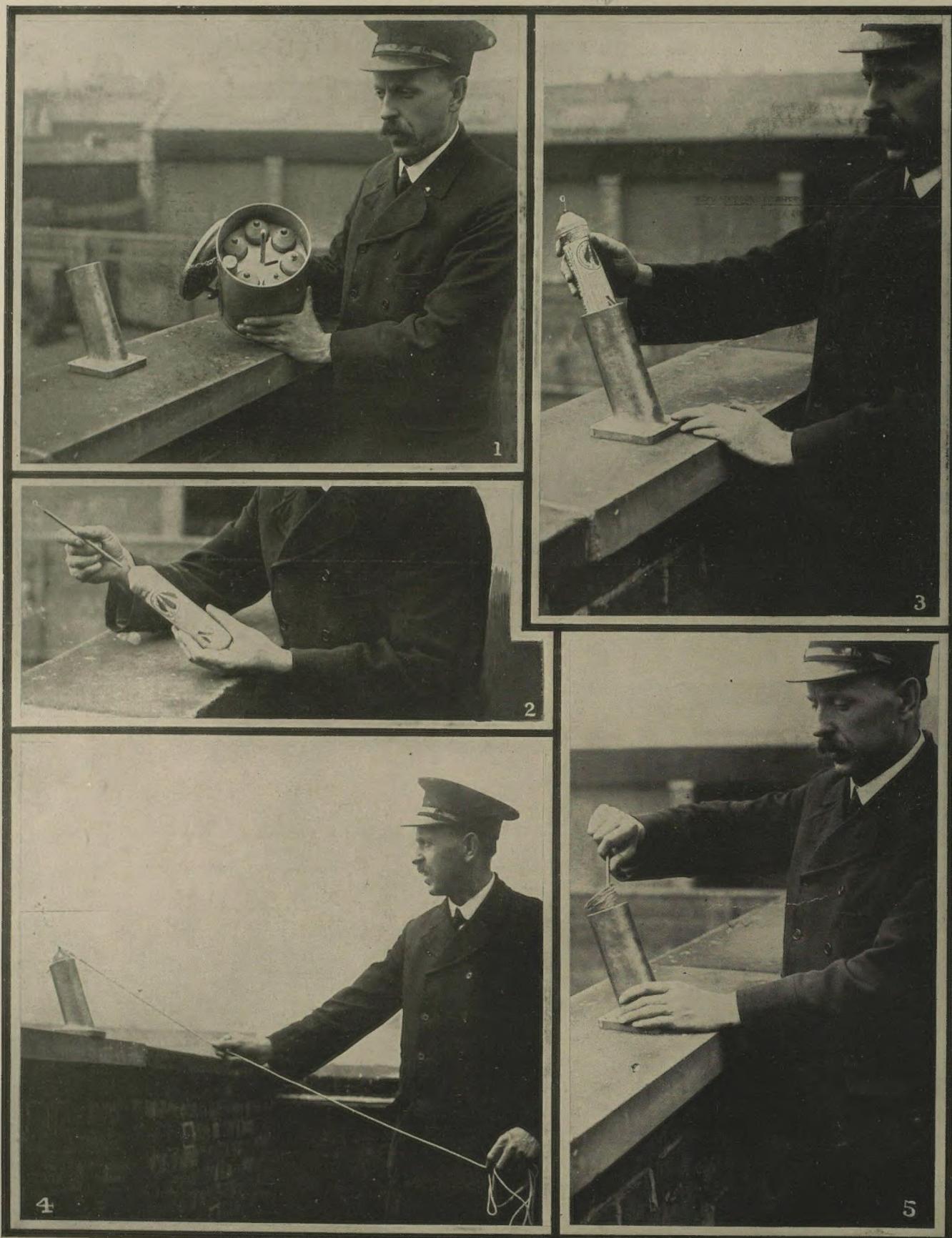
SIGNS OF GERMANY'S WANING MAN-POWER? TYPICAL SPECIMENS OF MORE AND MORE YOUTHFUL PRISONERS  
TAKEN BY THE FRENCH.

It would not be wise to assume at present that Germany is suffering much from shortage of man-power, yet it remains true that the French have noticed a growing decrease in the average age of their prisoners, which indicates that the enemy is sending some of his younger reserves to the front. The German casualties since the war began have certainly been enormous. Statistics published on the 20th from the official German

casualty lists gave the total (excluding naval and colonial losses) as 4,523,307. This huge figure—the price of Prussian ambition—was made up of the following items: Killed and died of wounds, 1,032,800; died of sickness, 72,960; prisoners, 316,506; missing, 275,460; severely wounded, 590,883; wounded, 315,239; slightly wounded, 1,655,685; wounded remaining with units, 263,774.

## AIR-RAID WARNINGS BY SOUND-SIGNALS: ROCKETS USED IN LONDON.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY TOPICAL.



1. AS USED ON THE MORNING OF SUNDAY, JULY 22: THE MORTAR THAT FIRES THE ROCKET; SHOWING ALSO A MAGAZINE OF SIX ROCKETS.

2. A PRELIMINARY TO FIRING: THE TIME-FUSE BEING PLACED IN A ROCKET.

Our readers will be interested to see from these photographs exactly how the warning by sound-signals was given to London at 8.30 a.m. on Sunday, July 22, when 237 one-pound sound-bombs were fired 300 ft. into the air from 79 London Fire Brigade stations. An official notice that such a warning would be given, in case of an expected raid on London, had been issued by the Home Office only the previous evening. As therein arranged, "Take Cover" notices were shown at the same time by the police in

3. WITH THE TIME-FUSE IN PLACE: INSERTING THE ROCKET IN THE MORTAR.

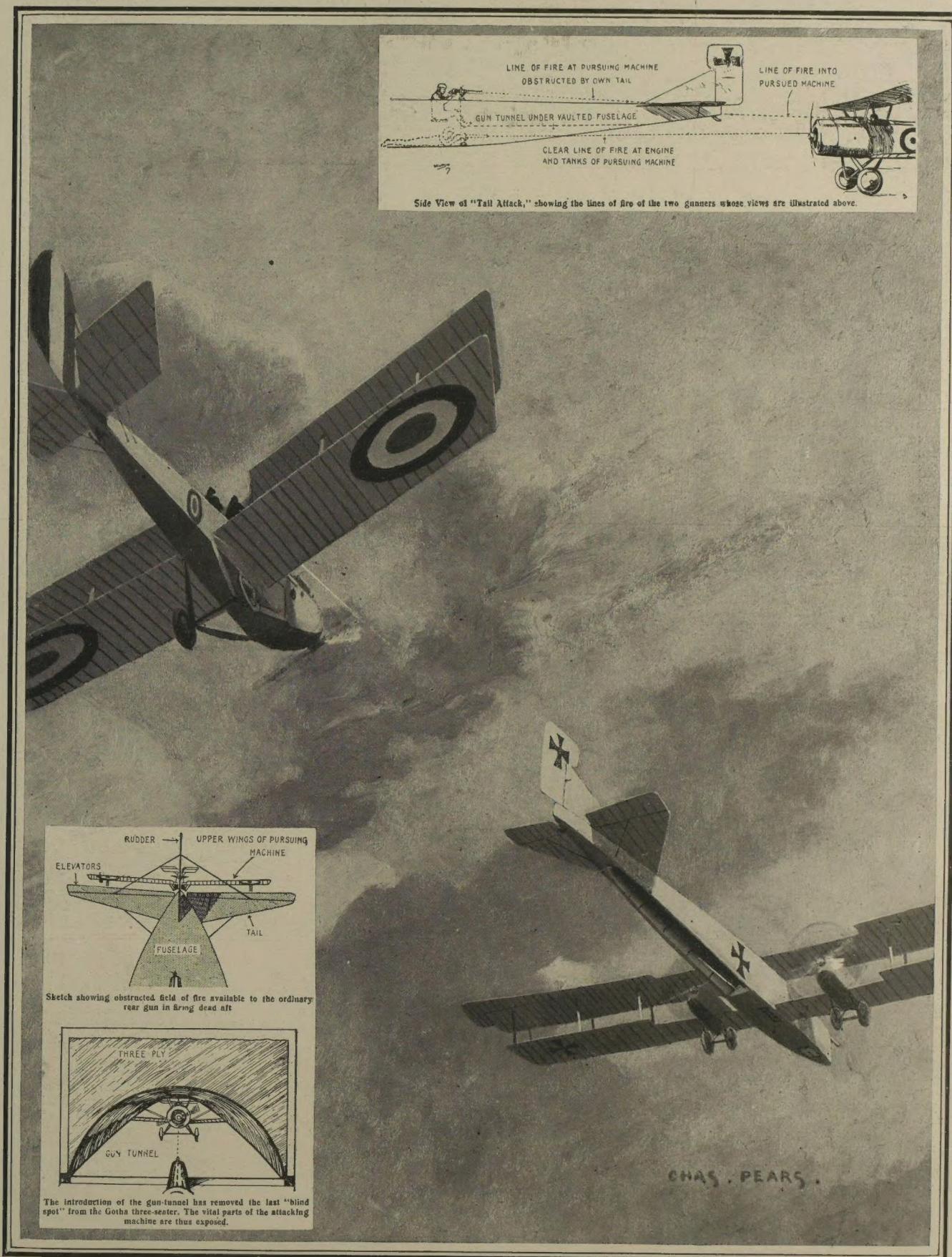
4. FIRING A ROCKET: PULLING A LANYARD ATTACHED TO THE FUSE.

5. AFTER A ROCKET HAS BEEN FIRED: CLEANING OUT THE MORTAR.

the streets, and at 9.45 they displayed the "All Clear" notice. The authorities were satisfied with the results of this system of warning, though the Home Secretary, Sir George Cave, thought that the number of signals might well be reduced, and that the warning might be delayed until enemy aircraft were nearer to London. Later, it was stated that only two, instead of three, rockets would in future be sent up from each station, and that signals that could be seen as well as heard were under consideration.

## THE "GOTHA'S" GUN-TUNNEL: FIGHTING A "BLIND SPOT" PURSUER.

DRAWN BY CHARLES PEARS; WITH INSET DIAGRAMS REPRODUCED BY COURTESY OF THE "AEROPLANE."



A "TAIL ATTACK" AIR-BATTLE BETWEEN A GOTHA AND AN ORDINARY TYPE AEROPLANE: BAFFLING THE PURSUER BY MEANS OF THE REAR GUN FIRING ALONG THE TUNNEL UNDER THE BODY OF THE GOTHA PLANE.

The Gotha three-seater aeroplane is the new German machine. The inset illustrations above are reproduced by the courtesy of the proprietors of the "Aeroplane," from which the following notes on the special features of the Gotha are taken. Ordinary aeroplanes have what is called a "blind spot" under the tail. An assailant behind and below the tail-plane cannot be fired at, because of the risk of smashing the tail. In the Gotha, the fuselage is vaulted below like a tunnel, along which a gun is trained

to meet a "tail attack." The main illustration shows a Gotha, by means of this end-on, underneath fire, engaging a pursuing Allied aeroplane. The upper inset sketch shows a pursuing Allied aeroplane-gunner (right) firing over the fuselage at a machine (left) during a "tail attack." The dotted outline shows a gunner lying below, and firing back with a clear range along the dotted tunnel space—the Gotha design.—[Drawing Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.]



By G. K. CHESTERTON.

SOME time ago half the Freethinkers in Fleet Street were defending the Bible against the Bishops. Churchmen began to expurgate the Psalms, because they are so naughty. Journalists began to read the Psalms, and to discover how good they are. It was a funny situation; and, as I shall point out in a moment, the fun contained a curious inverted illustration of that return of religion which is remarked everywhere to-day. The particular question concerned, apparently, is an objection to those forcible bodily images that go far to make the English Bible something like the big bones of English literature. Somebody objected to talking about breaking the enemy's teeth—preferring, I presume, to extract them by painless dentistry. I doubt if the dentistry can be painless which draws the teeth of the Prussian dragon; but the practical objection is not the only one which should be urged against such refinement of religion. The chances of real charity are involved in the issue; and this blunder involves throwing the chief of these chances away.

horn was exalted in the holy places of Louvain and Rheims, and he showed the cloven hoof stamped upon the soil of France and Flanders. Even those for whom such a spiritual enemy is merely an emblem will agree that just now he is a very emblematic one. Even those for whom he is a fable will admit that the fable has a moral, and by no means the wrong moral. Such, at least, will certainly be the sentiments of the mass of mankind; and it was precisely in the name of the mass of mankind that such theological curses were called cruel and unnatural. The House of Convocation has indeed copied the stale formulæ of the Hall of Science. The Hyde Park Secularist, the all-denying sceptic, always offered that very objection to those very Psalms. But even an all-denying sceptic cannot be quite so credulous as to believe he could now collect a crowd in Hyde Park to lament any strong language against the enemy. We were told, all through my youth, that theology was against humanitarianism. What we have dis-

trustees of that idea seized the opportunity to talk as if there were no such things as enemies in the world. Their idea of keeping up with the times was to own themselves wrong exactly where they had just been proved right.

But the case is yet more curious. I do not write here merely for those who agree with me, but for many for whom these things can only be symbols. But the most striking symbol of the modern barbarism can be found in a conception recently counted even more exploded and fantastic. It is not so much the demon as the demoniac. Huxley and the great Victorian agnostics specially selected the tales about bodily possession as the very type of the superstitions that must be shed. The demoniac wandering among the tombs was but the final and forlorn image of the religious reactionary still wandering among the dead dogmas. And yet this very notion of a presence perverting the body has not only come as natural to



AN INTERESTING EVENT: A MEETING BETWEEN THE GOVERNOR OF ALGECIRAS AND THE COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF AT GIBRALTAR.

This very interesting photograph illustrates a visit made by his Excellency the Governor of Algeciras (Major-General Don José Villalba) to his Excellency the Governor and Commander-in-Chief at Gibraltar (Lieut.-General Sir H. S. G. Miles, G.C.B., G.C.M.G., C.V.O.) in June of this year. In the group are (from left to right): (sitting) Mr. C. J. Griffin, K.C. (Attorney-General); Commandante Don Julio Pedreiro y Martín, Commandante Don Manuel García Álvarez; Sir F. Evans, K.C.M.G., K.C.V.O., etc. (Colonial Secretary); Vice-Admiral B. Currey (S.N.O.); Major-General Don José Villalba (Governor of Algeciras); Lieut.-General Sir H. S. G. Miles, G.C.B., etc. (Governor and Commander-in-Chief of Gibraltar); Don F. Martí (Spanish Consul-General,

Gibraltar); His Honour B. H. T. Frere, K.C. (Chief Justice); Lieut.-Colonel Don Luis Leon (C.S.O., Algeciras); Second Row (standing): Don D. F. García (Spanish Vice-Consul); Major R. Bright (G.S.O.); Colonel F. Wogan-Browne (A.A. and Q.M.G.); Colonel A. T. Moore, R.E. (C.R.E.); Colonel E. W. Newland, A.P.D.; Major A. W. Disney-Roebeck, R.G.A.; Mr. W. P. Michelin, J.P. (Police Magistrate); Lieut.-Colonel R. C. Lewis, R.A.M.C.; Major O. H. Pedley, A.M.S.; Mr. J. Porral, (Assistant Colonial Secretary). Third Row (standing): Mr. N. Ferrary; Mr. M. Parral; Major W. T. Armitage, R.G.A.; Lieut.-Col. R. V. Lloyd-Phillips, R.G.A.; Captain W. T. Easton, R.G.A.; Captain S. F. Carrington, A.D.C.; Flag-Lieut. G. F. Livingstone, R.N.

There is a strange and almost beautiful irony in the present position of the Churches of Christendom, and especially of the Church of England. They are right, and do not know it. The whole course of events has turned to their advantage, and they do not take advantage of the advantage. Such Churchmen seek to win back the world by venturing upon what they call new ideas; and meanwhile the world is being won back to their old ideas. If there was one idea which was always called old—and, indeed, called dying or dead—it was what may be (at least symbolically) expressed as the Devil—the ultimate evil that was more than a lower stage of evolution. Men were ridiculed as tracing the things they hated to the horns and hoofs of the Devil, when they could all be traced to the hair and hands of the Missing Link. But, touching the popular impression at any rate, that evolution has not been followed. It has been rather sharply reversed. The Missing Link was still missing; and it was the Devil who put in an appearance too obvious to be missed. The modern vision was much nearer the mediæval one, for his

covered in this war is that humanity is against humanitarianism—or rather, we have discovered, what is even more to the point, that humanitarianism is against humanity. Humanitarianism in that sense—the idea that it is intrinsically immoral to purify by the infliction of pain, as well as the endurance of it—is certainly denied to-day, as it would not have been denied twenty years ago: denied not only over much wider areas, but for much deeper reasons. Most men of that school had never seen evil strong; the instant they saw it they realised (having nearly two thousand years of Christianity in their blood) that it is highly proper and necessary to break its teeth—and, if possible, its back. Touching this ancient doctrine of the existence of evil, there was something very like the beginnings of a Reunion of Christendom. There was a general confession of this part of the creed; a general communion in this act of sacramentalism—the act which was once called the Crusade. And precisely when crowds of common men were thus being converted to the old conception of vigilance against the enemies of the soul, a number of the official

many pens noting the contemporary madness of the enemy, but is the real criticism of the contemporary quarrel about the Psalms. Paradoxical as it may appear, the true meaning of the language about breaking the teeth of the tyrant and eater of men is connected with the high mysticism about the body as the temple of the Holy Ghost. It is the true warning to the wicked man that he may so become, as it were, a theatre or seat of usurpation. And it is simply the sign of it that his very face becomes a provocation and his very body an obstacle. All that is at war with wrong really wishes to break his teeth, as it would wish to break the portcullis of an ogre's castle. Whether we believe in demons or no, the ultimate thing to be avoided is really this incorporation with badness, this incarnation of blasphemy. Physical metaphors, and even physical acts, are very far from being irrelevant to it. And it is no mere flippancy to say that, if such a man really does not know that he is ugly, it is the first and highest spiritual duty to tell him he is ugly. The second is to hit him in the face.

## V.C.'S BEFORE BUCKINGHAM PALACE: ANOTHER OPEN-AIR INVESTITURE.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY S. AND G., TOPICAL, AND G.P.U.



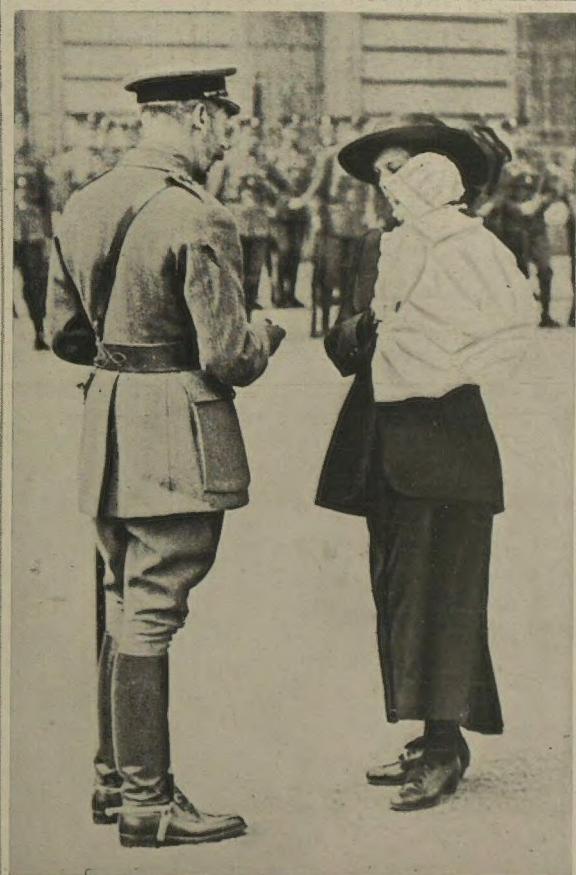
A CANADIAN CAVALRY RECIPIENT: LIEUT. F. M. W. HARVEY.



THE FATHER AND MOTHER OF CAPTAIN BALL, OF THE R.F.C., RECEIVING THEIR SON'S CROSS: ALDERMAN AND MRS. BALL.



AN AUSTRALIAN INFANTRY RECIPIENT: CORPORAL GEORGE JULIAN HOWELL.



WATCHING THE PROCEEDINGS FROM OUTSIDE THE RAILINGS OF THE FORECOURT OF BUCKINGHAM PALACE: SOME OF THE CROWD.

THE WIDOW AND BABY OF A LANCE-SERGEANT OF THE ROYAL FUSILIERS: MRS. JARRATT SPEAKING WITH THE KING.

The spacious forecourt of Buckingham Palace was on Saturday, July 21, the scene of the Investiture by the King of twenty-four V.C. heroes and the presentation of the Cross to the next-of-kin of eight who had fallen in action. Within the enclosure, the St. James's Palace State Guard of Honour for the day was drawn up, with the King's Colour of the Grenadier Guards and band, while among others attending the King were the War Minister (Lord Derby), the Duke of Connaught, the Marquess of Milford Haven, Lord French, and Sir William Robertson. Wounded soldiers were seated as spectators

on chairs in one part of the forecourt, besides others wheeled in invalid-chairs. The recipients of the V.C. stood in line and were called forward in turn to receive the Cross from the King, with a hearty handshake and congratulations. Loud cheers greeted each from the crowd of onlookers round the railings of the forecourt and clustered on the steps of the Victoria Memorial. The relatives of fallen V.C.'s, who had been seated beside the standing recipients, were then conducted separately to his Majesty, who had special words of sympathy and kindness for each one.

## ON THE BRITISH FRONT: THE ARMY'S LIFE AS THE KING SAW IT.

PHOTOGRAPHS: BRITISH OFFICIAL AND CANADIAN WAR RECORDS.



LIKE AN ANCIENT RUIN UNEARTHED BY EXCAVATION: A CANAL BRIDGE ON THE FERONNE-BAPAUME ROAD, STILL STANDING AFTER ALL THE BOMBARDMENTS OF THE SOMME BATTLES.



THE ACCOLADE: THE KING KNIGHTING GENERAL CURRIE, THE CANADIAN COMMANDER.



RAILWAY WORK ON THE BRITISH FRONT: A NEW LINE UNDER CONSTRUCTION.



POISED ON A HUMAN PIVOT: A CANADIAN MACHINE-GUN BEING USED IN FIRING AT GERMAN AIRCRAFT.



A FAMOUS BOXER IN THE RING AT THE FRONT: BOMBARDIER WELLS (FACING THE CAMERA) IN A CANADIAN SPORTS EXHIBITION SPARRING MATCH.



THE BENEFICENT WORK OF THE ARMY CHAPLAINS: A PADRE HAVING A FEW CHEERY WORDS WITH A WOUNDED MAN BROUGHT IN BY LIGHT RAILWAY.

During his recent visit to the Front, the King held an Investiture in the square of "a certain half-ruined town not very far behind the lines," on the occasion of his meeting with General Pétain. The ceremony took place in a marquee in the town square. The first recipient of a decoration was General Pétain himself, who was given the G.C.B., and he was followed by General Franchet d'Esperey, and other French officers. Then came a number of British officers, including the new Canadian Commander, General Currie, who received the K.C.B., as also did the two brothers, Lieut-General

Fanshawe and Major-General Fanshawe. Two of our photographs illustrate the making and one of the uses of light railways, which play so vital a part in our advance. They are used, of course, for many purposes, including the carrying forward of guns, shells, and other war material, and supplies of all kinds, and also for bringing back the wounded rapidly and smoothly. The right-hand photograph of the central three shows a Canadian machine-gunner firing at enemy aircraft, resting the gun on the shoulder of a comrade, who is closing his eyes as a precaution against injury from the flash of the discharge;

A TRAP FOR THREE HUNDRED GERMANS: THE DRAGON'S CAVE.



CAPTURED BY THE FRENCH: THE DRAGON'S CAVE—A VAST UNDERGROUND GROTTO UNDER THE CHEMIN DES DAMES; THE SOUTHERN ENTRANCE, WHERE A GERMAN MACHINE-GUN WAS IN ACTION TO THE LAST.

On June 25 the French gained a brilliant success on the Chemin des Dames, near Hurtebise Farm, causing the enemy nearly 1000 casualties. An official French communiqué stated: "Among the organisations captured by us on that day is the 'Dragon's Cave,' which is over a hundred metres (325 ft.) wide and about 300 metres (975 ft.) deep. This had been transformed into a veritable fortress. The cavern, with its many issues, and its shafts, in which machine-guns had been placed, constituted an important stronghold, and a point of departure for enemy counter-attacks. A considerable amount of material had been accumulated there. Nine machine-guns in a good state of

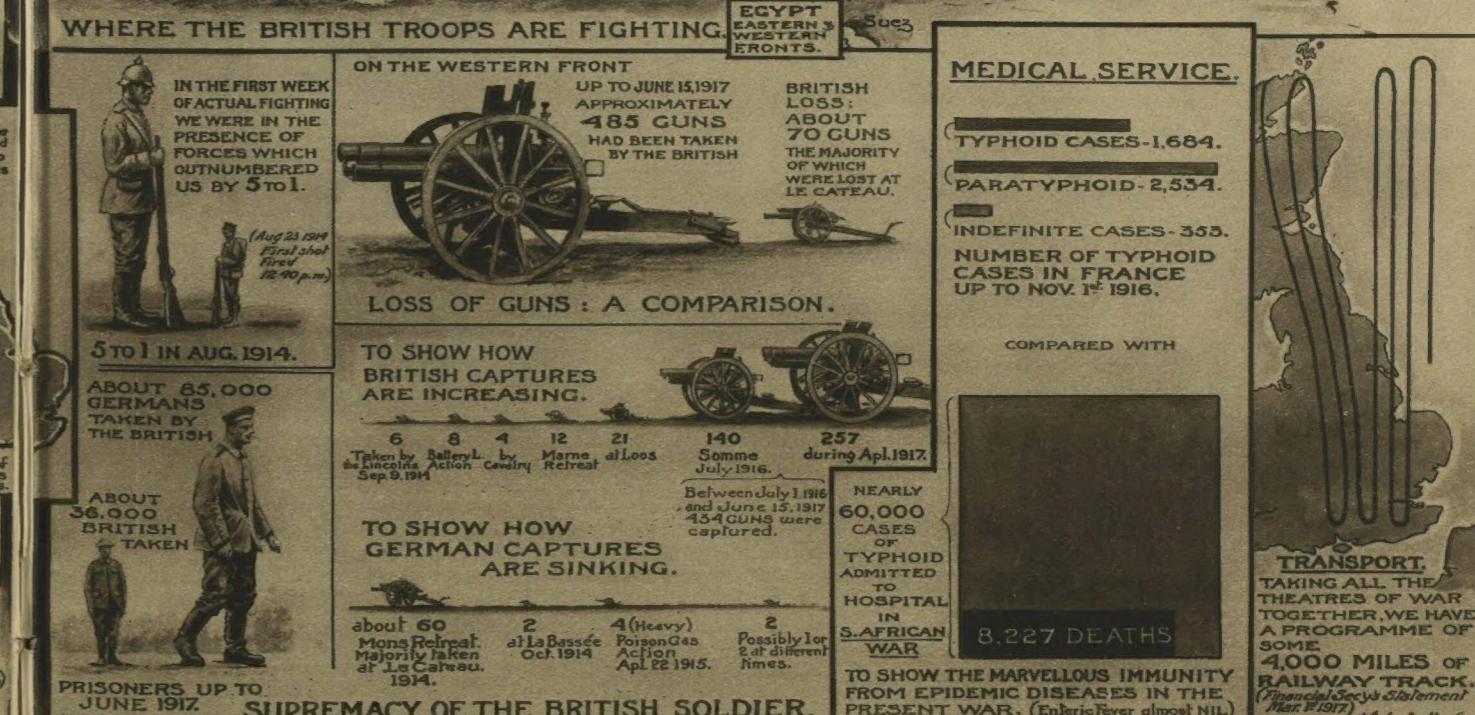
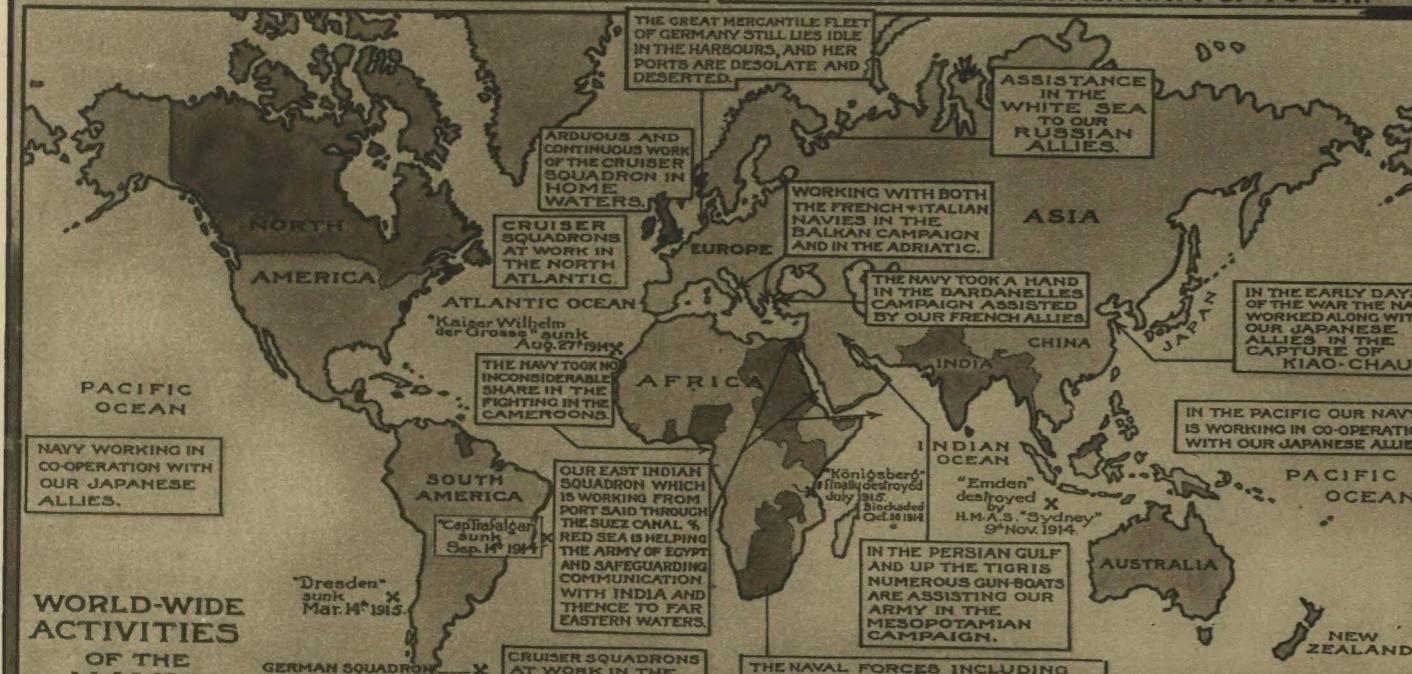
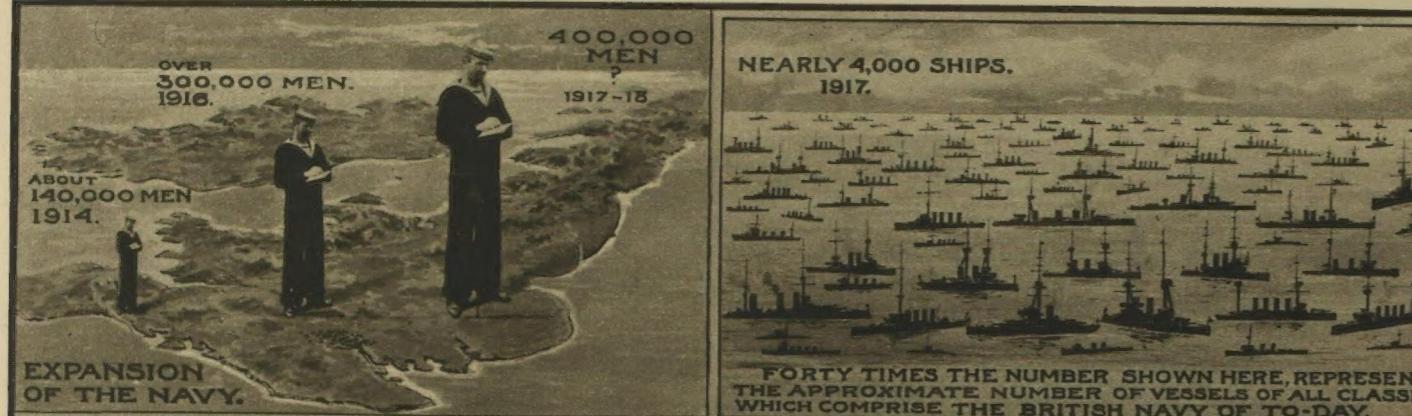
preservation, more than 300 sets of equipment, a large number of rifles, a store of ammunition, three electric searchlights, and a dressing-station fell into our hands. The number of prisoners counted up till now has reached 340, including 9 officers." Of the Germans inside the cave, 150 surrendered to a French chaplain acting as a stretcher-bearer, and emerged from a hole in the ground one by one. Mr. G. H. Perris writes: "This vast grotto . . . could not be at once explored—time had to be allowed for the gas by which it had been made uninhabitable to clear away. . . . The cave, which may be centuries old, was probably first opened as a quarry."

## GREAT BRITAIN'S ENORMOUS WAR EFFORT: THE

DIAGRAMS BY OUR SPECIAL

## TRIUMPHANT TESTIMONY OF FACTS AND FIGURES.

ARTIST, W. B. ROBINSON.



## THE WORLD-WIDE OPERATIONS OF THE BRITISH NAVY AND THE MARVELLOUS DEVELOPMENT

It has sometimes been suggested, by persons ignorant of the facts, though not so much of late, that Great Britain was not "pulling her weight" in the boat of the Allied cause. A triumphant answer to such insinuations is given by such facts and figures as those accompanying the above diagrams. The left-hand side of the double-page is devoted to the work of the British Navy in the war, and the right-hand side to that of the Army. The statistics on which the diagrams are based, it should be mentioned, are now a week or two old, and the totals of captured prisoners and guns have been since continually increasing. It should also be added that, besides the 257 German guns captured by our troops in April last, they also took actions, such as the victory of the "Swift" and "Broke" over German destroyers, and many others, in which our ships have taken part, and it would have been difficult to locate them all correctly. An impressive summary of Britain's war-effort was given recently by Lord Northcliffe in his speech at the Overseas Club in New York. "In the first place," he said,

## OF THE BRITISH ARMY: TWO WONDERS OF THE WAR OF VITAL IMPORTANCE TO THE ALLIES.

"Britain has bottled up the German High Sea Fleet, swept the trade routes clear of German raiders, and prevented Great Britain and France from being blockaded by sea and strangled. The British Navy saved democracy in the early days of the war. In the second place, Britain has buttressed the world's credit. Every one remembers the panic in the early days of August 1914, when securities of all kinds were tumbling to apparent disaster. Britain stopped that panic, and began from the very start of the war to advance loans to its Allies to the final extent of over five billion dollars (\$1,000,000,000). In the third place, Britain has provided the other Allies with vast quantities of shipping, coal, material, and other vital necessities. In the fourth place, we have raised huge popular loans for the conduct of the war; the last Victory Loan totalled over six billion dollars (\$1,200,000,000)—by far the biggest loan ever raised by any nation. In the fifth place, the five British nations recruited, under the volunteer system, millions of men before they were obliged to resort to Conscription. At the present moment we maintain a great army on the French front, apart from our other large armies in Egypt and other parts of Africa, in Mesopotamia, Palestine, and Salonika."—[Drawing Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.]

## OUR INDUSTRIAL ARMY AT HOME: THE GROWTH OF MUNITIONS.

DIAGRAMS BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, W. B. ROBINSON.



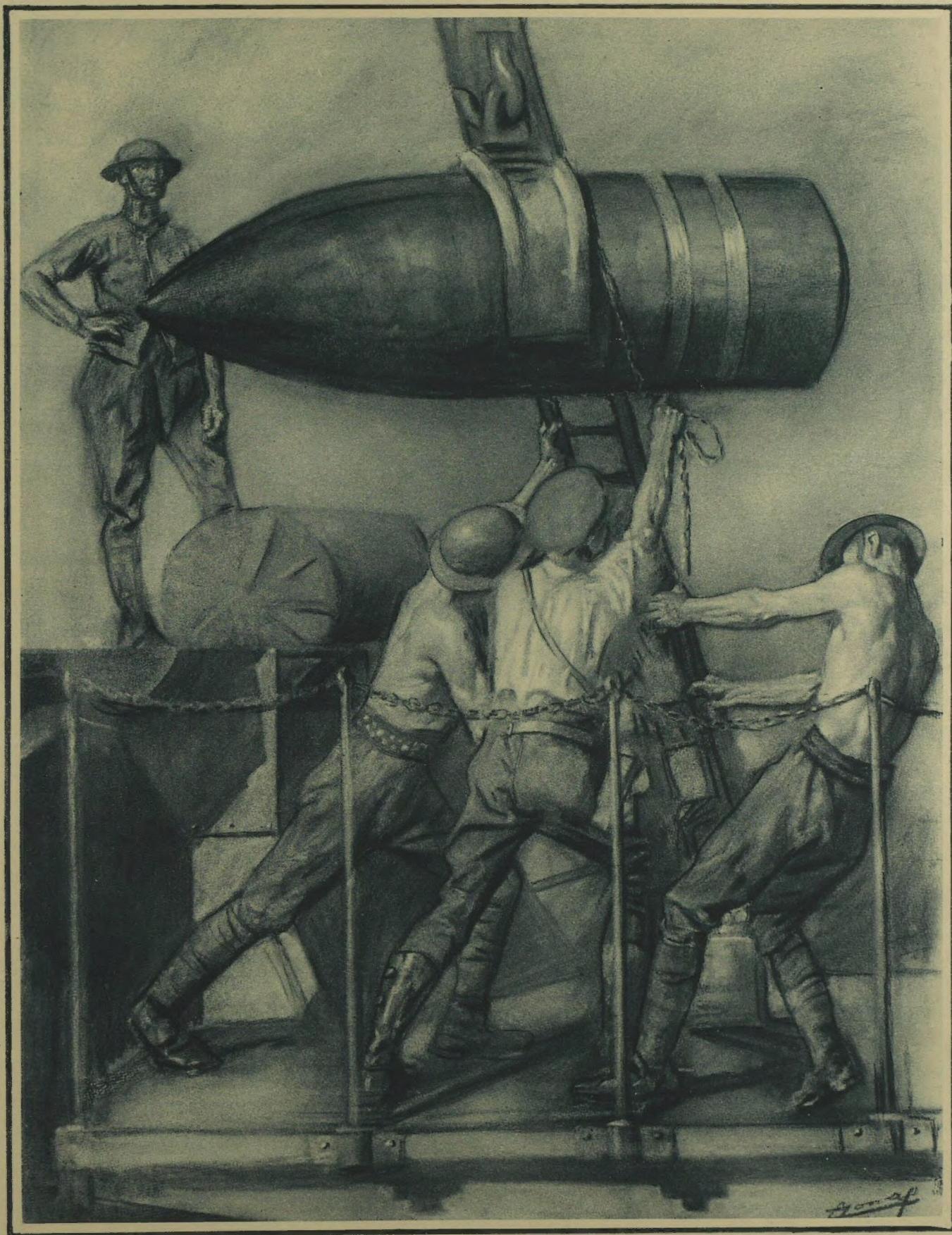
THE WORK OF BRITAIN'S INDUSTRIAL ARMY OF 3,000,000 MEN AND 1,000,000 WOMEN: THE VAST INCREASE IN THE PRODUCTION OF GUNS AND SHELLS.

We illustrate here the astounding output of Britain's "industrial army at home," which the King commanded in his special Order to the Army after visiting the Front. In the House of Commons on June 28, the Minister of Munitions said: "In March 1917 the capacity for the production of high explosive was more than four times that of March 1916, and 28 times as great as that of March 1915. . . . Our capacity for the production of machine-guns weekly is more than 20 times greater than it was two years ago. . . .

In its equipment of munitions the British Army is now equal, if not superior, to any other army in the world." Dr. Addison also alluded to the immense number of Britain's munition-makers. Mr. Kellaway said of Vimy: "Our expenditure of shells—6-inch and upwards—in the first week of the recent offensive was nearly twice that of the first week in the Somme battle; during the second week of the recent offensive the expenditure was 6½ times that of the second week of the Somme battle."—[Drawing Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.]

## ONE OF THE SHELLS THAT GIVE THE ENEMY "NERVES": LOADING.

DRAWN BY LUCIEN JONAS.



A HEAVY BOMBARDING GUN IN ACTION: HOISTING THE BIG-CALIBRE PROJECTILE TO THE LOADING-PLATFORM  
ON THE GUN-CARRIAGE.

This drawing of one of the monster shells used on the Western Front, made on the spot by a French artist, helps one in a way that pages of explanation could not do, to realise what our bombardments mean to the enemy's nerves—to the nerves of those at least who survive after being for day after day pounded at with such projectiles. Thus, also, we can realise the genuineness of the expressions of horror and cowering fear which abound more and more in the German home-letters, published from time to time

with official sanction in the daily papers as having been picked up in captured dug-outs or found on prisoners, both officers and men. The shell is seen in one of the ammunition-vans which accompany the big guns into action, being hoisted up to be slung forward and rammed into the breech. At the foot of the artilleryman to the left is seen the huge sack-like cartridge containing the propellant charge, which is inserted into the firing-chamber in rear of the projectile.—[Drawing Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.]

# SERBIA REBORN.

OLD LION STEPANOVITCH.

(From a Correspondent Recently Returned from the Macedonian Front.)

**R**EPORTS from the Salonika front have lately been encouraging; private letters received in England emphasise the optimistic hints that can be gleaned from official *communiqués*. It seems that the long martyrdom of the Serbian nation approaches its close. It is now more than a year since, after trials of a severity unprecedented even in this war of extermination carried on by the German Powers, the Serbian Army took refuge in Corfu under the protection of the Allied Powers, and reformed there its shattered units preparatory to striking another shrewd blow at the foe. Rest and peace did not come all at once, even at Corfu. It is no easy matter to provide for an evicted nation—and all Serbia that could march had fled before the German and the Bulgar to the sea coast. But in time, shelter, food, clothes, arms were in full supply, and with the Easter Festival so dearly treasured by the Eastern Church the Serb camps in Corfu last year were centres of hope and confidence, if not actually of gaiety. Gaiety is not a Serb trait at any time. The long centuries during which his ancestors kept the glens against the Turk and lived as hunted outlaws have left a deep impress of melancholy on the Serb character. Convivial when hospitality demands, taking a passionate joy in the wild beauty of his native land, the Serb lives a life not unhappy, but not light-hearted.

Near the camp of the Second Serb Army at Corfu a British motor transport unit had established a little open-air concert place. It was situated in an olive-grove, had a central platform of raised turf, and circular benches of turf for seats. In such groves the Greeks, two thousand years before, gathered on festival days to sing hymns to Apollo. The Serbs, devoted to music, soon found out this grove. By some means a grand piano had been obtained. Serb national songs—the warring laments of Kosovo, the soft complainings of village love-songs—resounded from the grove, and were interspersed with "Tipperary" and with French chansonnieres. Serb soldiers fraternised with Poilus and Tommies; Serb officers made quick friends with British officers. Of nights, with its ring of electric fairy-lights, the grove was cheerful to a point of uproariousness.

With the mornings, the music and the laughter of the night forgotten, the thinned numbers of the gallant Serbs remembered, it was not so cheerful. The

passer-by might see them from the grove, passing along a narrow path leading to a high cliff of the sea coast, Field-Marshal Stephen Stepanovitch, Commander of the Second Serb Army. Every morning, at the same hour, he strode along the path—an old lion-like figure, his mane of white hair framing a weather-beaten, granite face. From that high cliff of Corfu, across the water, across Albania, the hills of Serbia could be seen; and the veteran general went up daily to look out on them, to plan, to hope, to resolve.

A grand old man, Stephen Stepanovitch, standing out among a group of grand old men, as fierce and proud as Achilles, as wise (for he had seen many battles

Albanian hills to Scutari. His soldiers tell with awe and affection that the old Field-Marshal would at times himself haul at the drag-rope of a gun, and, crossing himself, the soldier would add: "His strength was the strength not of a man, but of horses."

Pathos, yes, in thinking of the old man on his daily pilgrimage to look upon the hills of Serbia! But hope and reassurance too; for now he is back to regain Serbia, and with such lion-hearted men the future of his race is assured.

In the spring of 1915 the Serb Army had assembled in Corfu. By the summer they had gone again to the front to reconquer their native land. The Easter festival was kept with joy and hope on the island. At Benitza a church parade was attended by Field-Marshal Stepanovitch and all his Staff. In the tiny village church the Staff officers were assembled. Around the building gathered the Second Army in a hollow square. The General, reverently taking off his sword and cap before he approached the altar, took the sacrament with his officers. The padre preached a sermon on the text of the Resurrection, giving to the soldiers a message of joy and confidence. For four hundred years, he said, the Turks had oppressed the Serbs; but in time the nation had risen again. Then a crueler trial had come, with the Turk, the Bulgar, and the German leagued together to crush Serbia and to exterminate the Serbian nation. But God was good, and God was just. Heathenism would not triumph. Christianity would conquer, and with her conquest would re-establish Serbia.

After the service there was a feast. The Serbian officers, all except the Field-Marshal—who had no heart for any festivity—entertained a British officer as the guest of honour, and, as a salute to his nation, they all arose and sang—not our National Anthem, but "Tipperary."

Few of our soldiers had the chance of seeing the Serbs at Corfu—the quick rebound from the miseries of retreat in these proud and gallant fighting men. Those who did have the chance recognised at once that this was a chivalrous race, destined to play a worthy part in the new Europe that follows the war. Now, with the reconstituted Serbian Army fighting by the side of our soldiers in Macedonia to win back Serbia, that impression becomes general.



A SPLENDID BODY OF MEN: AN INFANTRY DIVISION OF SERBIA'S REORGANISED ARMY PASSING THROUGH A TOWN.

Photograph by Alfieri.

and had known the minds of many foes) as Ulysses. He could be tender to his soldiers, and he could be savagely stern in discipline. Rarely speaking, even to his officers, his few words won always instant obedience and respect. They say he entered the army as a private, and has fought his way up to be Field-Marshal. The story of his victories, and of his more glorious defeats, is an epic of heroism. During this last retreat—when the Serbs, having beaten back the Germans twice, were finally conquered through the foul and treacherous attack of the Bulgars—Stepanovitch brought forty-nine guns in safety over the

honour, and, as a salute to his nation, they all arose and sang—not our National Anthem, but "Tipperary."



THE "ÉLAN" OF THE SERBIAN INFANTRY: TROOPS ADVANCING AT THE DOUBLE TO ATTACK AN AUSTRIAN POSITION.

Photograph by Alfieri.

## LEADER OF A HEROIC NATION: THE PRINCE REGENT OF SERBIA.

PHOTOGRAPH SUPPLIED BY C.N.



HEADING THE GALLANT SERBIAN ARMY IN THE GREAT STRUGGLE FOR THE LIBERATION OF THEIR COUNTRY:  
PRINCE ALEXANDER OF SERBIA IN THE FIELD.

Prince Alexander of Serbia, it will be recalled, became Crown Prince in 1909, when his brother, Prince George, renounced his rights of succession. When Serbia mobilised against the Austrian invasion, he assumed supreme command of the Serbian Armies, and later, owing to the illness of his father, King Peter, was appointed Prince Regent. During the war he has shown both great personal courage and ability as a leader of men. He has been a soldier ever since he became the Heir Apparent to the Serbian

throne, and in the Balkan Wars of 1912 and 1913 he won a considerable reputation, which has since increased. The Prince Regent was born at Cettinje, in exile, in 1888, and in his early manhood studied law. Last spring, it will be remembered, he came on a visit to this country, was entertained by the King and Queen, and received a great popular welcome. Under his leadership the Serbian Army is gallantly continuing the struggle for the liberation of Serbia, bound up, as it is, with the fortunes of the Allies.

## THE RAIDERS: PREPARATIONS FOR A NOCTURNAL ADVENTURE INTO NO MAN'S LAND, AGAINST GERMAN TRENCHES.

DRAWN BY R. CATON WOODVILLE FROM MATERIAL SUPPLIED BY AN EYE-WITNESS.



GETTING READY FOR A NIGHT RAID: A BOMBING PARTY TAKING IN SUPPLIES; AND BRITISH OFFICERS USING A CAPTURED GERMAN FLASHLIGHT-BOX FOR SIGNALLING.

Our illustration shows a typical scene on the British front when preparations are being made for a nocturnal raid on the enemy's lines. In a captured German trench our men are seen getting ready for the night's work. Bombs are taken from their boxes and put in the men's pouches, or in Lewis-gun buckets. On the right is an observation officer signalling with a German flashlight-box—one of a number captured by us. The Germans so despised this apparatus that when the

flashes used are white, the message is an ordinary one; and when they are red it is urgent and important. Another officer at his side is seen noting the answers to the signals. The signalling box can be worked from a distance—that is to say, it can be placed in any position, up a tree, or what not; and the flashes made by means of a bell-push arrangement attached to a long flexible cord.—[Drawing Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.]

## IN BATTLE AND BEFORE BATTLE: FRENCH INFANTRY IN

PHOTOGRAPHS 2 AND

## ATTACK FORMATION UNDER FIRE; AND BEING REVIEWED.

FRENCH OFFICIAL



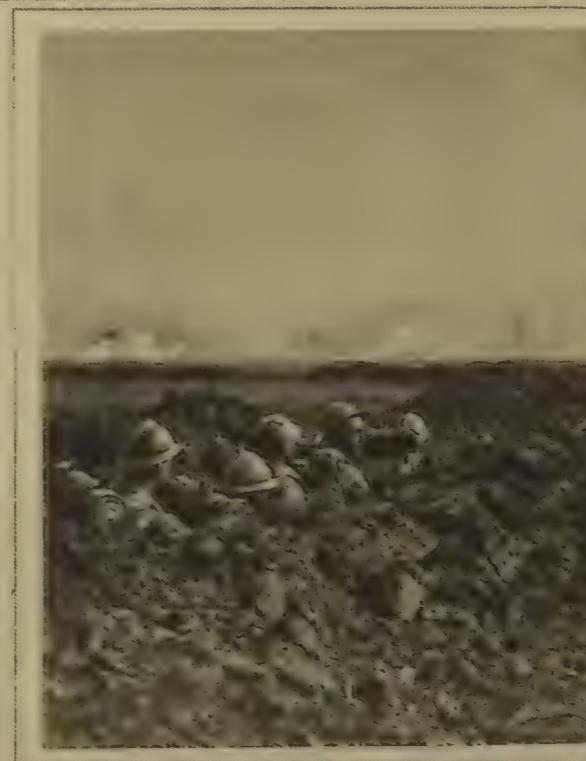
A BATTALION BEGINNING ITS ADVANCE, AND ABOUT TO COME UNDER FIRE: THE EXTENDED



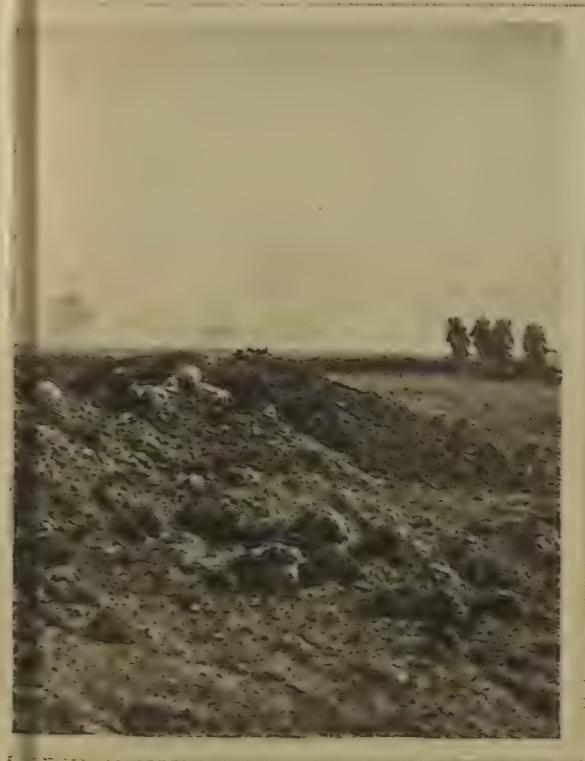
FIRING-LINE, WITH ITS SUPPORTS FOLLOWING IN CLOSE FILE, END ON TO THE ENEMY.



TROOPS ABOUT TO LEAVE FOR THE FRONT AT A DIVISIONAL REVIEW AT A REST-CAMP: A BATTALION MARCHING PAST BY COMPANIES IN OPEN RANKS.



MEN OF THE FIRING-LINE AND SUPPORTS TAKING COVER IN A CAPTURED ENEMY TRENCH: WAITING FOR THE RESERVES



COVER IN A CAPTURED ENEMY TRENCH: WAITING TO COME UP.



TROOPS ABOUT TO LEAVE FOR THE FRONT AT A DIVISIONAL REVIEW AT A REST CAMP: A REGIMENTAL BAND PLAYING A BATTALION PAST THE SALUTING-POINT.

In the first photograph the firing-line and supports of a French battalion are seen advancing to the attack in the normal battle-formation; as they first come within range of the enemy's fire. Each company (numbering, on average in all armies, from 200 to 250 men) forms its own firing-line and supports, linking to right and left with the similar formations of the other companies of the battalion. Ahead, the men in the firing-line spread out in extended order, to minimise casualties under fire. Interval widths between men depend on the nature of the ground; the more open the ground, the wider apart the men are, up to a certain limit. The idiosyncrasy of the French soldier enables a French firing-line to be more widely extended than is possible with the Germans, who, as their own officers admit, get out of hand under fire unless more or less closely "packed." That is the secret of the dense formations in which the Germans attack, to the swelling of their casualty lists. The supports, as seen in the first illustration, follow in file, in order to present as narrow a target

as possible end-on to the enemy. Their business is to merge with the firing-line in the closing stage of the attack, and reinforce it for the final bayonet rush. In the third illustration, intermingled first-line men and supports are seen holding a captured enemy trench, until the reserves can come up, when the next advance begins. The second and fourth photographs show incidents at a divisional review, such as those held when reinforced and rested divisions are about to resume front-line duty, and relieve some other division recently engaged and in need of relief. The flag seen affixed to the rifle of the flank man of the leading line (in the centre of the second photograph) is the *fanson*, or "company colour" which every French company carries, in order to mark its whereabouts in an advance to the artillery observers away in rear, so that the gunners may regulate their barrage-fire belt accordingly, and not send shells among their own men. They are signalling flags, not "colours," and no special sentiment attaches to them.

## RESCUERS: SAVING A TORPEDOED HOSPITAL-SHIP'S PATIENTS AND CREW.

PHOTOGRAPHS SUPPLIED BY TOPICAL.



MAKING TOWARDS THE STRICKEN "DOVER CASTLE" AT FULL SPEED: THE FIRST OF THE RESCUE-VESSELS TO REACH THE SCENE SHORTLY AFTER THE TORPEDOING.



THE "DOVER CASTLE" PHOTOGRAPHED ON THE SECOND TORPEDO STRIKING: SMOKE FROM THE TORPEDO-EXPLOSION DRIFTING OFF AT THE AFTER-END OF THE SHIP.



RACING TO GET ALONGSIDE AND TAKE OFF THOSE ON BOARD: TWO OF THE DESTROYERS STOKING UP AS THEY TEAR THROUGH THE WATER TO THE "DOVER CASTLE."

These photographs, which have just come to hand, represent rescue-work on the occasion of the torpedoing in the Mediterranean of the hospital-ship "Dover Castle," formerly a Union Castle liner. The ship was twice torpedoed. She sank after the second explosion, and is seen in the second illustration immediately after that torpedoing. Smoke from the explosion is visible over the sea surface, rendering somewhat indistinct the afterpart

of the hull. Thanks to the systematic mapping of the Mediterranean in chess-board squares—each area being watched by patrolling destroyers, and anti-U-boat craft—a number were within quick reach on the "Dover Castle's" "S.O.S." call being wirelessed. In consequence, the whole of the hospital staff and patients were rescued, except six men believed to have been killed by the torpedo explosion.

FIGHTING THE ENEMY WITH HIS OWN DEVICES: LIQUID FIRE IN ACTION.



A FRENCH REGIMENT OPENING ITS ATTACK IN THE CHEMIN DES DAMES BATTLE, UNDER COVER OF A LIQUID-FIRE DISCHARGE: THE FAMOUS 152ND ADVANCING ON THE DAY THAT THE "DRAGON'S CAVE" WAS STORMED—JUNE 25.



A METHOD INVENTED BY THE GERMANS AND NOW BEING USED AGAINST THEM: A DISCHARGE OF LIQUID FIRE FROM A LINE OF HOSES TO COVER A BAYONET CHARGE DURING AN ACTION AT CLOSE QUARTERS.

One of the most brilliantly distinguished of all the regiments of the French Army in the present war, the 152nd of the Line, is seen here opening its attack on a German position on the Chemin des Dames ridge on June 25, covered by a discharge in advance of liquid fire—a method adopted to counter the enemy's practice. It is a form of *riposte* that the Germans, according to prisoners, greatly dread. The 152nd had before that had their exploits published in the Official Gazette no fewer than three times, a special naming meant as an example to the Army at large. Its fourth "mention" in the Ministry of

War's "Order of the Day" will place the 152nd at the head of the whole Army for recorded heroism in battle. The men are seen in the upper illustration advancing through light smoke-clouds, partly caused by their own firing. The dark cloud of smoke, seen to the right in the photograph, is from their flame-projectors. It was in this battle that the wonderful feat of the storming of the "Dragon's Cave" was achieved. The second photograph shows what a discharge of liquid fire looks like when viewed from close by, as it squirts forth in sheets of flame from the nozzles of a line of hoses pointed by selected men.

## SCIENCE &amp; NATURAL HISTORY.



## SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

## ENEMIES IN OUR MIDST.

ALL those of us who are, as amateur gardeners, striving to do our "bit" to increase the food-supply may be quite sure that there will be no less need of our efforts for at least another year. This year thousands took up the culture of vegetables and fruit who had never before ventured into the toilsome and anxious, though delightful, pursuit of gardening, and, as a consequence, have had to pay heavily for their experiences, for gardening is full of pitfalls and disappointments. Not only have the elusive mysteries of "cultivation" to be mastered, but one has to take not a little heed of the myriad swarms of animals which are constantly endeavouring to confiscate the fruits of our labours. And to these must be added swarms of parasitic fungi.

The animal pests are the less formidable of the two, if only because, in their adult state at any rate, they need no microscope or laboratory for their detection. But only ceaseless vigilance can keep them at bay. Let this be relaxed, and disaster speedily follows. In illustration of this we may cite the present shortage of labour and the appalling raids of caterpillars which worked ruin in our orchards in Kent, Sussex, Herefordshire, and Worcestershire during the early summer. If similar ravages, which will long be remembered, are to be prevented next year, strenuous efforts must be made by us all to take the necessary precautions in time.

Some of my readers may never have had occasion to consider the caterpillars—how they grow. I propose, therefore, to give in brief outline the appearance and life-histories of the most virulent of these enemies of the garden, thereby enabling a keener outlook to be kept for their advent among us.

Caterpillar plagues of one sort or another were unusually abundant this year; but the bulk of the damage done—which will in many cases adversely affect the crops next year, whatever may now be done—was effected by about eight different species of moths, or "nocturnal lepidoptera," as the textbooks call them. To be precise, the actual damage was done by the caterpillars of these moths, and, since prevention is better than cure,

our first efforts must be directed towards the detection and destruction of the adult insect.

Four of these species—the Winter Moth (*Chionodes brumata*), the March moth (*Anisopatra asculana*), the Mottled Umber (*Hyperia desfoliata*), and Pale Brindled Beauty (*Phigalia pedari*)—are, from the evolutionist's point of view, extremely interesting, since the females are wingless, and therefore flightless. How this loss of the wings came about we cannot tell, but it is all to the advantage of the gardener, since, to lay their eggs, they must crawl up the trunk of the trees destined to form

more striking than the adult moth, inasmuch as while at rest they attach themselves to the twigs of the tree only by the hind feet, holding the rest of the body rigidly outwards from their support, so that they look like twigs and leaf-stalks. So close, in coloration and form, is this resemblance that only a keen and experienced eye can possibly detect them. Such caterpillars are known as "Loopers," because, from the reduced number of their legs, they walk in a series of loops—that is to say, a grip is taken by the front legs when the hind end of the body is brought forward and attached just behind the forelegs, causing the middle part of the body to assume a high, upstanding loop.

The remaining four moths are the Clouded Drab (*Tanycampa instabilis*), the Lackey Moth (*Clissicampa neustria*), the Little Ermine (*Hyponomeuta pedella*), and the Brown-tail Moth (*Porthesia chrysorrhoea*). These are also "protectively" coloured moths, and their caterpillar stages are quite as remarkable as those of the "looper" tribe, since they are dwellers in tents. That is to say, these larvae construct nests, or "tents," of silk on the trees on which they live during the early stages of life, and in which they shelter in wet weather, or at night, when they are more mature.

The Lackey Moth sometimes appears in our orchards in great abundance, the caterpillars stripping off every vestige of foliage. But in France its ravages are even greater in extent, so much so that growers are compelled by law to cut off and burn these "tents" as soon as they are found.

The limited space at my disposal forbids any detailed description of the adult moths, or of the many remarkable things which might be said both of the eggs of these insects and of the larvæ, or caterpillars, which emerge therefrom; but enough has been said to enable my readers who are as yet unacquainted with these creatures to know what to look for. When the "tent" is discovered full of occupants it should be promptly seized and burnt, while the leaves should be sprayed with a mixture of soft soap and paraffin, or of a solution of tobacco-juice and quassia. And this treatment should be applied also in the case of "looper" caterpillars.

W. P. PYCRAFT.



AFTER INSPECTING THE GERMAN BODY-ARMOUR HELD BY THE OFFICER ON THE LEFT: THE KING ON VIMY RIDGE.  
In addition to using helmets of a more cumbersome pattern than those adopted by the British Army, certain of the Germans are wearing body-armour. A suit of this (seen in the photograph) was inspected by the King on Vimy Ridge, and much interested him.—[Canadian War Records.]

the nursery and feeding-ground of the caterpillar. Taking advantage of this fact, most of the females can be caught on bands of greased paper, set as a girdle round the tree, but the girdle must be complete. Failure to attend to this point largely added to the plague which overtook us this year. Probably the bands were put on by novices who only partly understood the purpose of the operation. Yet, in spite of bands, a few may contrive to evade the trap, being carried by the males while in the nuptial embrace. But, owing to the shortage of labour, large numbers of trees, unfortunately, were not girdled at all.

All of these moths are "protectively" coloured—that is to say, their hues harmonise most perfectly with the bark of the trees and bushes whereon they rest during the day. The caterpillars are

## FOR KING AND COUNTRY: OFFICERS ON THE ROLL OF HONOUR.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY CENTRAL PRESS, MATTYME, ELLIOTT AND FRY, BASSANO, ILLUSTRATIONS BUREAU, STUART, LANGFIRE, WYKEHAM, CASWALL SMITH, BACON, ANNAN, CONNELL.



LIEUT. WILFRED GRAHAM SALMON,  
Royal Flying Corps. Killed while aiding  
in the defence of London in a recent  
enemy air-raid.



MAJOR (ACTING LIEUT.-COL.)  
R. J. F. INGHAM, D.S.O.,  
R.G.A. Second son of Judge Ingham,  
of Sugwas Court, Hereford.



MAJOR H. D. HARVEY-KELLY, D.S.O.,  
R. Irish Regt. (attd. R.F.C.). Son of  
late Col. H. H. Harvey-Kelly, I.A., and  
of Mrs. Harvey-Kelly, Buckingham.



LIEUT. T. FARQUHAR LUCAS,  
R. Warwickshire Regt. and R.F.C. Son of  
Sir Edward Lucas, Bt., North Gate,  
Regent's Park.



MAJOR LESLIE JACK COULTER,  
D.S.O.,  
Australian Engineers. Awarded D.S.O.  
September 1916. Killed in action.



CAPT. THE REV. CECIL H. SCHOOL-  
ING,  
Chaplain to the Forces. Son of Mr. and  
Mrs. Frederick Schooling, Bromley, Kent.



2ND LIEUT. JOHN E. R. YOUNG,  
R.F.C. Fought a fleet of enemy aer-  
oplanes, practically single-handed, in a  
recent London air-raid.



MAJOR PERCY R. M. COLLINS, D.S.O.,  
R.G.A. Son of Mr. Henry M. Collins,  
late General Manager, in Australasia, of  
Reuter's.



LT. (TEMP. CAPT.) EVELYN MAX-  
WELL WEBB,  
K.R. Rifle Corps. Son of Mr. and Mrs.  
Walter Webb. Killed in action.



LIEUT.-COL. H. T. BELCHER, D.S.O.,  
R.F.A. Son of the Rev. T. Hayes Belcher,  
Bramley Rectory, Basingstoke. Fought  
with distinction in S. Africa.



LIEUT.-COL. ALFRED J. SANSON,  
Royal Sussex Regiment. Has been  
officially reported as having been killed  
in action.



2ND LIEUT. W. T. BARRAT,  
Manchester Regiment. Has been  
officially reported as having died of  
wounds.



MAJOR ANDREW J. RENDEL, M.C.,  
R.F.A. Son of Mr. and Mrs. Rendel,  
Courtfield Road, S.W., and grandson of  
Sir Alexander Rendel.



CAPTAIN A. P. BREWIS,  
Northumberland Fusiliers. Elder son of  
Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Brewis, Granville  
Road, Newcastle-on-Tyne. Killed in action.



LIEUT. ALEXANDER MANTLE,  
London Regt. Son of Dr. Alfred Mantle,  
of Harrogate. Has been officially re-  
ported killed in action.



MAJOR W. MUIR HAYMAN, M.I.C.E.,  
D.S.O.,  
Royal Engineers. Son of Mr. Hayman,  
of Somerset Place, Glasgow.



2ND LIEUT. W. G. YATES,  
Manchester Regt. Elder son of Mrs.  
Yates, of Lauriston Road, Preston Park,  
Brighton.



CAPT. RALPH DUNCAN ROBINSON,  
Loyal North Lancs Regt. Son of Mr.  
William C. Robinson, of Melvin, High  
Park Avenue, Kew Gardens.



MAJOR BASIL ZIANI DE FERRANTI,  
M.C.,  
R.G.A. Son of Dr. S. Z. de Ferranti,  
The Hall, Baslow, Derbyshire.



CAPT. MAURICE LAKE HILDER, M.C.,  
Royal Fusiliers. Son of Mr. and Mrs.  
Edward Hilder, Wellington Road, Regent's  
Park.

## NEW NOVELS.

"Fate and the Watcher." There is always room for a spirited writer in the region of Eastern romance, palace conspiracies and bloodshed, is to be congratulated on her conjuring tricks with so much explosive material. She has concocted a tale of many thrills, as well as a love-story of passionate interest, and "Fate and the Watcher" (Hurst and Blackett) may be considered to be a certain winner. The Watcher is an eerie person; and we are led to believe that the power of prophecy is by no means extinct in the East, an assurance very pleasing to those who like a taste of the supernatural. The trouble arose from the marriage of the ruling Prince with a white girl—both of them the puppets of an inexorable Fate which led them, step by step, to disaster. It is a long time since we have read a more exciting Indian story. Miss Peterson seems to bid fair to be the Rider Haggard of the native state, with, perhaps, a feminine bias in favour of the predominance of the love element in her novels. And this, novel-readers of the fair sex being in the majority, is, of course, exactly as it should be.

"The Happy Garret." "The Happy Garret" (Heinemann) is worked out in rather a striking manner. It is one thing to put in the broad touches, with a dab of the thumb, as it were—too many young men know that trick—but quite another to round off the composition with the ending true to life, which is, in nine cases out of ten, no ending at all. Miss V. Goldie has done this with considerable cleverness, though she does rather spoil her big effect by foreshadowing it in the beginning. She seems to attach importance to the fact that somebody else (to wit, the author) had to be found to edit the personal recollections of Hebe Hill, whereas it does not matter a straw. Hebe, as written down by herself, was intelligent enough to tell her own story well, and she plainly carried the gift of criticising and observing her own actions from the outside, a possession that will carry any person of

fearless purpose quite a long way. Her triumph over the years of ill-treatment she endured in childhood is another symptom of an unusual personality. People who have been brutalised in their youth generally either grow up dulled, or cursed with a morbid sensitiveness that does not often leave them until middle age, if ever. "The Happy Garret" is a bold story, strangely frank enough to be a true one. It is sordid, and non-moral, but it is plucky; and to courage such

the truth, it does not. Taken all round, the book is a very fair novel, flashing out now and then, as in that opening chapter, into something akin to brilliance, and never, perhaps, falling far into the humdrum. Its fault is that it is not real life. It is drama—sometimes very good drama—but its people do not carry conviction as real live human beings existing independently of the manipulating fingers of their creator. But they charm and amuse us, even though our sober senses refuse to believe in them. "As Chance Would Have It" deserves a run of popular favour, and if all novels published came up to its level, the public would have little cause for complaint.

"Secret Bread." "Secret Bread" (Heinemann) is a novel of earnest intention, the most impressive and sustained effort Miss Tennyson Jesse has yet made. It is a full-length biography, from birth to death, of a man who lived a long life, and packed it with more than the average share of human sorrows and experiences. Great pains have been expended on the development of character, and the story is thronged with people, while the background is Cornwall, the happy hunting ground at the present moment of novelists who take their calling very seriously. Miss Tennyson Jesse has scored. The book is remarkable. It weighs the aspirations and weaknesses of its characters with precision, and appreciates them with not a little penetration. It contains men and women literally quivering with life. It draws—this is a shrewd hit—the curious maliciousness of some Cornish folk, their long, unforgiving memories for a grudge or a prejudice, so vividly that it is plain the writer must be held henceforth to speak

with some authority on West Country idiosyncrasies, as well as on greater psychological matters. And yet "Secret Bread" is, to our mind, marred, if not spoilt in execution, by its handling of sex problems, which blemishes some of its best chapters with passages that we feel are regrettable. There are touches that, if Miss Tennyson Jesse aims, as we are convinced she does, only at the highest, should be very firmly relegated to their proper place—and that is not between the pages of an otherwise excellent novel.



READY FOR BATTLE; ABOARD A FRENCH WAR-SHIP.—[French Official Photograph.]

as Hebe's a good deal of callousness and egoism may be forgiven.

"As Chance Would Have It." It does not fall to the happy lot of a novelist every day to discover and make use of an opening as fresh and intriguing as the first chapter of "As Chance Would Have It" (Duckworth). It is a one-act play, a curtain-raiser, complete, and we make Miss Mary F. Raphael a present of the tip. The beginning is so good that the rest can hardly be expected to keep up its standard; and, to tell

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INCREASED resisting-power and the sense of exultant well-being are quickly regained after depression by persons of ordinary health through the use of 'BYNOGEN,' the new nerve-food introduced to the Medical Profession by Allen & Hanburys Limited.

'BYNOGEN' is pleasant in flavour, and suitable for taking dry or mixed with any ordinary food. It is among the best recuperative agents for the defenders of our country on active service; help from home in this form will be warmly appreciated.

'BYNOGEN' feeds the nerves and adds perceptibly to the power of the system to resist fatigue, exposure and strain of any kind. It is recommended with confidence for

NERVOUS EXHAUSTION	WASTING DISEASES
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### IMPORTANT.

'BYNOGEN' is a concentrated preparation of pure milk-protein, one of the most powerful nutrients known, with the organic glycerophosphates of soda, lime and magnesia. The pleasant flavour and digestive character which distinguish 'Bynogen' from other nerve foods are imparted by the admixture of a specially prepared extract—in a soluble form—obtained from selected whole wheat and malt.

Whoever is "run-down" or "below par" may take it as the opinion of leading authorities that

**'Bynogen'**  
Trade Mark  
Brings Health

ALLEN & HANBURYS Ltd.,  
Lombard Street, London, E.C.

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Sold by all Chemists at  
1/-, 3/-, 5/-, and 9/-

B4



## THE PLAYHOUSES.

## "ROUND THE MAP." AT THE ALHAMBRA.

IT is not often that one can say of a revue that it has too much story. If there is a complaint to be made of the "musical globe-trot" which Mr. Cosmo Gordon-Lennox has adapted from the late Mr. C. M. S. McLellan's libretto, it is that the story of "Round the Map" rather gets in the way of the turns, and as that delightfully lugubrious humourist, Mr. Alfred Lester, remarked, is none too easy to disentangle. Still, the new entertainment at the Alhambra is such a splendid pageant of colour and beauty, and is so well supplied with characteristic melodies from Mr. Herman Finck's pen, that nobody is going to let a little thing like superfluity of plot stand in the way of his pleasure. Indeed, the players will see to that—especially a set that is headed by so clever a trio as Mr. Lester, Mr. Nelson Keys, and Miss Violet Loraine. What matters the bet between a gentleman boxer and a firm of costumiers, that, by virtue of the attractiveness of dress-disguises, the former will fall in love with a little girl who does invisible mending, so long as Miss Loraine has so jolly a song to sing about darning socks, or Mr. Keys, as the

variety. A little more speeding is all "Round the Map" wants to rank as one of the brightest shows of summer-time.

## "NAVY WEEK" IN THE THEATRES.

The scheme for having a "Navy Week" in the theatres, that is to say, a week in which a series of celebrations at West End houses was devoted to aiding King George's Fund for Sailors, had all the stronger recommendations in that Commodore Sir Richard Williams Bulkeley and his fellow-workers set themselves to meet all expenses out of donations, and so to secure that the proceeds of the various matinées should be used in bulk for the benefit of our heroes at sea and their dependents. The arrangements comprised Sir John Hare's revival of "A Pair of Spectacles" at the Haymarket last Monday, slices of revues next day at the Alhambra, new naval and military films the following day at the New Gallery Cinema, and the all-star revival of "Treawny of the Wells" at the New on Friday. For Sir Arthur Pinero and Mr. Boucicault's production was promised a cast including Miss Irene Vanbrugh, Miss Genevieve Ward, Miss Hilda Trevelyan, Miss Gladys Cooper, Miss Gertie Millar, Miss May Whitty, Miss Mary Rorke, Mr. Allan Aynesworth, Mr. Gerald du Maurier, Mr. Sam Sothern, Mr. Lowe, Mr. Sydney Valentine, and Mr. Boucicault himself. So that "Navy Week" has made its addition to stage history.

of employees who have been killed. The chairman of the Tribunal, the Rev. F. Harcourt Hillersdon, stated that the firm possessed a magnificent record: they had acted throughout in a very patriotic and loyal manner, and he



ON THE BRITISH WESTERN FRONT: AT HOME IN A MINE-CRATER ON THE SOMME.  
Official Photograph.

costumier, appears in lightning changes of character, or the melancholy Mr. Lester makes fun out of the conscientious objector! Already Miss Loraine, garbed in dazzling frocks, is at the very top of her form, full of gaiety and provocation; and clever folk, such as Miss Madeleine Seymour, Mr. Stanley Logan, and Miss Eileen Molyneux, help to provide

his regiment, or is discharged, in which case he is reinstated. Over 4000 women have been employed by Messrs. W. H. Smith and Son since the war. A very large number of women are still in training, preference being given to wives or relatives of men released; and, whenever possible, employment is being found for the widows or dependents

As a fine example of patriotism on the part of a great firm, it was mentioned at Westminster Tribunal recently, in connection with some appeals, that Messrs. W. H. Smith and Son have released for the Services about 5500 men. This firm was the first to adopt substitution, and they have effected nearly 400 substitutions. As far as possible, the firm are in regular correspondence with every employee now serving, or with his wife or parents. In the event of an employee being wounded and transferred to England, a representative of the firm is at once sent to the hospital, and keeps in touch with the man until he either rejoins

EACH "ONE OF THE BEST": A BUICK CAR, ONE OF MANY DOING NOTABLE AMBULANCE WORK IN FRANCE, WITH "BLIGHTY" ON THE BONNET.

Blighty, the pup in the picture, shown perched on the bonnet of one of the Buick cars which have given excellent results in ambulance work in France, is the mascot of the women ambulance-drivers of the American Unit in France. He has been under fire, and seems to enjoy the excitement of battle.

wished there were more firms like W. H. Smith and Son in the country. In connection with the appeals it was pointed out that the ratio of the men now appealed for who were classified for active service was under 7 per cent. of the total released for the Services; which is tantamount to saying that practically every employee passed fit for active service had been already released. We should say, taking the magnitude of the firm into consideration, that this constituted a record in the country.

## TITLEPAGE AND INDEX.

The Titlepage and Index to Engravings of Volume One Hundred and Fifty (from January 6 to June 30, 1917) of THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS can be had, gratis, through any Newsagent, or direct from the Publishing Office, 172, Strand, London, W.C.2

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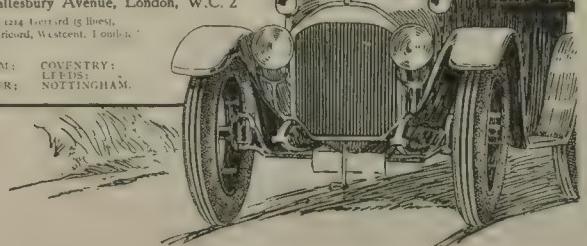
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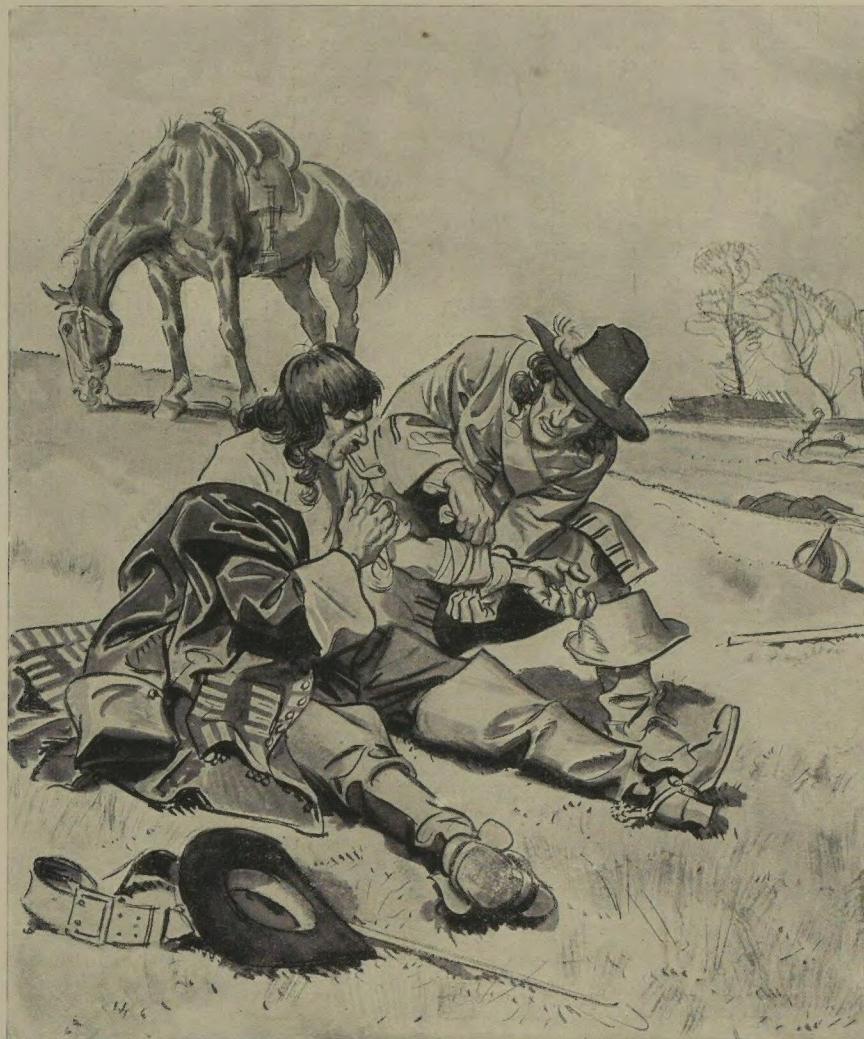
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A true friend in need is a pipe of this most excellent tobacco, rendering "first aid" to mind and body scathed by worry or fatigue.

A Testing Sample will be forwarded on application to Stephen Mitchell & Son, Branch of the Imperial Tobacco Co. (of Great Britain and Ireland), Ltd., Glasgow.

"King's Head" is similar but stronger.

BOTH ARE OBTAINABLE EVERYWHERE.

**"THREE NUNS" CIGARETTES**  
MEDIUM.

In packets of 10, or cardboard boxes of 50.

No. 547



### Famished Hair Cells

Hair-failure is due to starved roots and cells. All the legion of hair troubles vanish if you strike at the root. It is the same in every ill—you must go right to the heart of the trouble. What the grey, languishing, dropping hairs

call for

is an adequate food—a real nutriment. ROWLAND'S MACASSAR OIL gives an immediate new vitality to the feeble roots and the "feeding" cells beneath them. It produces a soft, silky sheen and texture; a full, luxuriant growth, radiating a true natural hair-health. Supplied in Gold Tint for fair hair.

### ROWLAND'S Macassar Oil!

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HIMROD'S CURE  
FOR ASTHMA

At all chemists 4/3 a tin.

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DELTA pump shoes feel as light as a feather on the feet and impart elasticity and buoyancy to one's movements when out and about, shopping and visiting, on bright sunny days.

Indeed they are the most flexible and comfortable of all shoes for outdoor wear in dry weather.

For the sole of these day shoes, like that of evening shoes,

is just a single layer of good leather, carefully selected for its flexibility and durability.

This sole leather, too, is kind to the feet, beds to them, and because it is a single layer it can never squeak.

Lotus Ltd, Stafford  
Makers of Delta and  
Lotus Shoes  
Agents everywhere



330—16/9

Prices are branded on the soles by the makers before the shoes leave the factory



### When Baby is Teething

TEETHING is a worry to many mothers. The first group should appear between the sixth and eighth month. Delay is often a sign of backwardness in general nutrition and development. Attention to principles of feeding and health is imperative. Give Baby something hard to bite. The 'Allenburys' Rusks were introduced for this purpose; when eaten dry they mechanically aid the cutting of teeth.

Babies reared on the 'Allenburys' Foods Nos. 1, 2, 3 and Rusks thrive steadily from infancy to robust and healthy childhood.

### The Allenburys Foods

Develop sound teeth, firm flesh and strong bones.

Allen & Hanburys Ltd., London.



F256

## LADIES' PAGE.

THERE was a proposition a little while ago that weddings in wealthy families should be conducted in war-time quietly and without display of expense. Fashionable brides, for the most part, decline to concur. The weddings of Lord Airlie, Lord Stanley, and the semi-royal weddings of the son of Princess Beatrice, now the Marquess of Carisbrooke, and of the daughter of the Grand Duke Michael of Russia (a resident of Hampstead, London, for years past) have all been as "smart" as of old: crowds of friends at the ceremony to admire the respective brides' white-and-silver cloth and lace-trimmed gowns, and to see the handsome presents afterwards. The King and Queen took a great interest in Lord Stanley's wedding, as the bridegroom is the special friend of the Prince of Wales, rooming with him on the same landing at the University; while the bride (daughter of the heir to Earl Cadogan, who died before his father, and so never held the title), the Hon. Sibyl Cadogan, was for three years one of her Majesty's Maids-of-Honour. The Earl of Airlie (who married his relative, the Earl of Leicester's daughter) introduced a novelty in wedding customs by riding to the church, accompanied by his brother as best man.

It is no small misfortune for the improvement of the character as well as of the social standing of women, that the "suggestion" is continually made to them of their own inevitable inferiority in the very words that are employed as "connotative" of their sex. We are only now learning to appreciate the importance of continuous or effective suggestion upon the sub-conscious mind. The success of the new system of treatment of nerve-shock in soldiers, and of many disorders of the intelligence, by hypnotic suggestion, is, however, now proving the extreme importance of suggestion from outside, if effectively made. We therefore cannot but be adversely affected, both in our own standard of conduct and our actions, and in the esteem we receive, by low "suggestion" about our powers in the common currency of language referring to our sex. Does a man wish to express his respect for a woman's brain, he says she has "a masculine mind"; but to show his contempt for another man, he calls him "an old woman"—meaning a person who is illogical, foolish, fussy, frightened, and flustered! You may say that it is only a pointless impertinence when men thus gather up defects from their own sex, and *flump* the collective idea on elderly women. Not at all; it is "suggestion," and must tend to make old women, by its influence on their own minds, not merely appear, but actually become, less thoughtful, less calm, less noble, than the opposite set of suggestions tends to make old men. Take courage, again. It is wonderful that women are not more cowardly, considering how it is imputed to their sex in word—suggesting a low "moral" to us all accordingly. "Effeminate," says the dictionary, is a synonym for "feminine, unmanly, delicate, weak, cowardly"! This is not modern, either. Herodotus



A SMART SPORTS SUIT.

This is made of jersey, in green-and-white stripes and plain white.

declares that when Rameses the Great (Sesostris) encountered a cowardly, weak tribe of enemies, he put up monuments of his triumph bearing female emblems, just to show that that tribe was pusillanimous! Now, on the contrary, Sir Douglas Haig has the pleasure of issuing an Order of the Day to his troops expressly to celebrate the courage shown in dangerous work by the women munition-workers.

This recurs to mind apropos of the low esteem already attached to the old-fashioned name that has been chosen for the recipients of the new Orders for Women. "Dame" is already debased in the coinage of words; it is associated often with contemptuous, if not unkindly, references. "Dame school," the abode of decrepit ignorance; "My Dame," the head domestic in some boys' public schools; "beldam," a hideous old hag; "the good old dame," the worthy granny to whom one carries charitable soup and tracts! How long, I wonder, must it be before the exceptionally honoured ladies to whom it is now officially proposed to give this quaint and undistinguished cognomen will be able to alter this slurring connotation? Some entirely new name might surely have been devised for them, drawn from some worthy linguistic root. Failing that, "Lady" is a far more dignified title than "Dame." It is a name borne by many young, active, charming, influential, and greatly placed women. It is then much better verbal currency than "Dame." Lord Beaconsfield, indeed, told Lord Ronald Gower that no man had a right to remain single who had it in his power to confer upon a woman by marrying her so pretty a form of address as "My Lady." It is true, it has been brought down to being the cognomen of a mere modern Knight's wife; but then "Dame," too, is the legal designation for any Knight's wife.

Many people are complaining that the war bread is making them ill, and elderly and delicate persons are sinking under the trial. The trouble can, to some extent, be obviated by home baking, and might be much better coped with if we were allowed to know exactly what there is mixed with the wheat in the flour that we buy. As it is, we can form no judgment as to the cooking. It seems that the only other cereal that bakes thoroughly well with wheat into bread is rye—of which we seem to have no supply. These grains alone have a large percentage of gluten, which is what makes a loaf rise well and become elastic and light. Barley and oatmeal have none of it, and so are relatively hard to digest in loaves; they both cook best as thick, flat cakes, bannocks, or scones; and the same is true of maize flour. The admirable "Bulletin" on Bread issued by the U.S. Government Household Economics Bureau says: "Maize flour makes very nutritious and appetising unleavened bread, hoe-cake, johnny-cake, etc., but these must be eaten fresh, as they dry quickly; maize should be cooked like porridge—it will not make loaves raised with yeast, as the flour contains no gluten."

FILOMENA.

## JUBOL

## Physiological Laxative.

The only agent that effects the functional "re-education" of the Intestine.

**Constipation**

**Enteritis**

**Haemorrhoids**

**JUBOL**

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Cleanses the Intestine,  
Prevents Appendicitis & Enteritis  
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Preserves the harmonious curves  
of the figure.

Medical  
Reports:

Académie des Sciences  
(Paris, June 28, 1909)  
Académie de Médecine  
(Paris, Dec. 21, 1909)



"There is no doubt about it, my dear friend. Your attack of Enteritis (Inflammation of the Bowels) is the inevitable result of taking too many purgatives, which

are a positive social danger." But with JUBOL there is no risk of this kind, and in a very short time JUBOL will effect a real "re-education" of your intestine, which is now suffering from the ill-effects of purgatives."

JUBOL. Price 5/- per box (complete course of six boxes, 25/6). Prepared at Chatelain's Laboratories, Paris. Can be obtained from all Chemists and Drug Stores, or direct, post free, from the British and Colonial Agents, HEPPELL'S, Pharmacists and Foreign Chemists, 164, Piccadilly, London, W.1, from whom can also be had, post free, the full explanatory booklets, "Scientific Remedies," and "Treatise on Diet."

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Yours gratefully,

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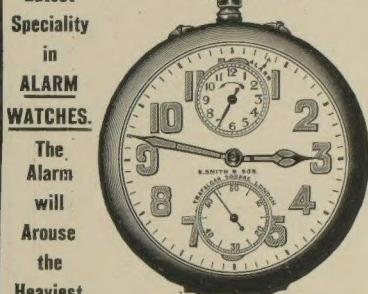
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ALLIES WATCH  
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SILVER CASE £3-10-0  
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EVERY WATCH WARRANTED

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ALARMS  
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Fine Double Cluster Brilliant Ring, £10 10 0

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Wellington Emery and Black Lead Mills, London, S.E.

## THE CHRONICLE OF THE CAR.

**The Price of Petrol.** Really, it does not seem necessary for the powers that be to go to any great trouble to check what they call pleasure motoring. The price of petrol seems to me to be quite sufficient of an automatic check on joy-riding, unless one is a food-profligate or a munition-maker. A month or so ago the Motor Trade Association put forward a demand that the price of petrol should be so fixed by the wholesale as to show a profit to the retailer of not less than 15 per cent. That I do not regard as at all unreasonable, because it is a matter of common motoring knowledge that the sale of motor spirit does not show a living profit, on the old price basis, to the retailer. No one grudges the necessary motor agent a legitimate profit on the essentials of motoring, and if the price had been increased to a figure which would simply have enabled the agent to clear his 15 per cent., I imagine that very little fault would be found with the action of the wholesale firms. What, however, has actually happened is that the latter have suddenly raised the price by 2d. per gallon, the wholesale figure being now 2s. 9d. per gallon, which means that when the agent has added his percentage, the public is being asked to pay no less than 3s. 2d. per gallon for the No. 2 spirit.

It seems to me that this is simply a logical outcome of the new arrangement for pooling the supplies of motor spirit, which means in effect that the motorist is at the mercy of a monopoly. It is true that the pool has been arranged as a war measure, and if it is only that, we have no particular reason to be dissatisfied. If it will help to win the war, then it is a good arrangement; but what I am afraid of is that, after the war, and when the petrol companies have had time to appreciate how well the pool works—from their own point of view—they will be loth to go back to the old conditions of competition. There is only one real remedy for it, and that is to be found in the development of our home resources, as I have insisted many times.

**Petrol for Pleasure.** During the past week or two there seems to have been a revival of the feeling that too much petrol is being used for purposes of pleasure motoring. More questions have been asked in Parliament, and more uninformed articles have appeared in certain sections of the Press, which rather tend to create an impression that motoring for pleasure is as much the vogue as ever. In this connection the *Autocar* has been at



TAKE A RUN FOR A REST! EXCELLENT FOR A TOUR IN QUIET SCENES: A FIRST-RATE "WOLSELEY" BY THE RUINS OF MAXSTOKE PRIORY, WARWICKSHIRE.

The car is a 16-20-h.p. Wolseley. Maxstoke Priory was founded in 1336. Just two hundred years later, Henry the Eighth's heavy hand fell on it. The visitors in the car are looking at the picturesque present-day results.



AN AFTERNOON AMID THE SPICY ODOURS AND FAIRYLAND SCENERY OF CEYLON—A "DAIMLER" PARTY HAVING A RUN ROUND.

The car is a 20-h.p. Daimler, the property of Mr. F. J. de Saram, J.P., of Colombo, Ceylon.

some pains to analyse the figures relating to licenses for motor spirit, and according to the statistics, it is shown that 6 per cent. of the petrol imported is licensed to car-owners who pay the full duty—that is to say, all private owners of cars and motor-cycles, except doctors and veterinary surgeons. This 6 per cent. includes all the petrol licensed to Red Cross workers, Government inspectors, heads of munition works, munition-workers, and business men. It is a fairly obvious inference that the amount of the 6 per cent. of the total import of motor spirit which is left over for joy-riding must be absolutely negligible. Nor must it be forgotten in this connection that all the spirit required for the use of the forces operating overseas goes direct to them. It does not come into this country to swell the import figures. If the *Autocar's* statistics are permitted to sink into the minds of those who are responsible for the outcry against motoring for pleasure, I imagine we shall hear very little more about it.

**More Farm-Tractors.**

Quite an interesting trial of yet another farm-tractor took place last week on Mr. S. F. Edge's farm in Sussex. The machine which was shown at work is one that embodies a new departure, which, I am told, is quite revolutionary. As a matter of fact, there are two machines, a tractor and a new type of "tiller." As for the first, it does not need a great deal of description, since it is of the familiar "creeping-grip" type. It is remarkable, however, for its light weight, as, all on, it only turns the scale at some 25 cwt., which is a long way below that of any other machine of similar type.

The plough, known as the "Once-Over Tiller," is certainly very interesting, inasmuch as it is fitted with a small motor which drives a series of vertically mounted cutting blades, on the Archimedean-screw principle, which break up the ground as it is turned by the plough, and leave it a perfect seed bed without the necessity for going over it again. The trial was perfectly successful, both tractor and tiller performing all that is claimed for them. Of course, both are American devices, and are, so their sponsors claim, in extensive use on the other side of the Atlantic, where they are meeting increasing favour. Personally, I know nothing about farming, but the experts who viewed the trial were thoroughly satisfied that the combination is exactly what is required for rapid cultivation by motor. Mr. H. G. Burford, who has been long associated with the heavier motoring, has arranged to represent these machines here, and is very sanguine about the future.—W. W.

This advertisement, which appeared in 1912, is inserted to remind you of a Sunbeam performance that has never been equalled by any car.

"'Twas a famous victory"

## GRAND PRIX RACE

JUNE—1912

(THREE LITRE CLASS)

**1st SUNBEAM  
2nd SUNBEAM  
3rd SUNBEAM**

DISTANCE ... 956 MILES  
AVERAGE SPEED 65 M.P.H.

COUPE DE REGULARITE

WON BY **SUNBEAM TEAM**

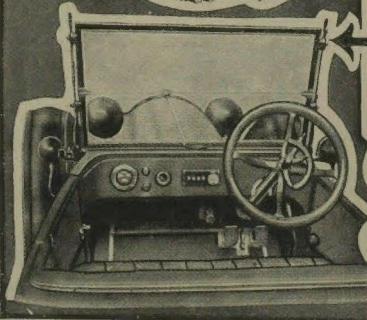
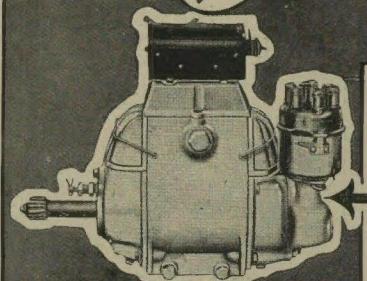
Note—THIS WAS A SCRATCH RACE—NOT A HANDICAP.

"Beyond doubt, the greatest feat in the history of motor racing."—*Illustrated London News*.

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Head Office and Works :  
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J. KEELE, Ltd., 72, New Bond St., W.

## SOME *Buick* FEATURES WHICH MAKE FOR EFFICIENCY



### SIX-CYLINDER MODELS . . .

#### Electrical Equipment

ALL Buick Cars are equipped with the Delco System of Self-starting, Lighting and Ignition. Buick Starting and Lighting, therefore, mean absolute dependability and freedom from care, and Buick Ignition means a hot, perfectly timed and automatically regulated spark under all conditions.

#### Rear Axle

THE teeth of the Buick "Six" Rear Axle never "slap" each other, and cause that "hum" so often heard from the rear axles of other cars. With the Buick Heli-cut gears several teeth are always in contact, and the load pressure is taken on each tooth gradually, not with a sudden jar or shock. These gears are, therefore, of longer life, and eliminate rear axle noises.

#### Ease in Driving

THE speed change and hand-brake levers of the Buick "Six" are to the right of the driver; the steering wheel is large, and easily manipulated. The instrument board is fitted with speedometer, ammeter, electric switches, oil indicator, carburettor control and electric dash lamp.

Let your "After-the-War" Car be a Buick.

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